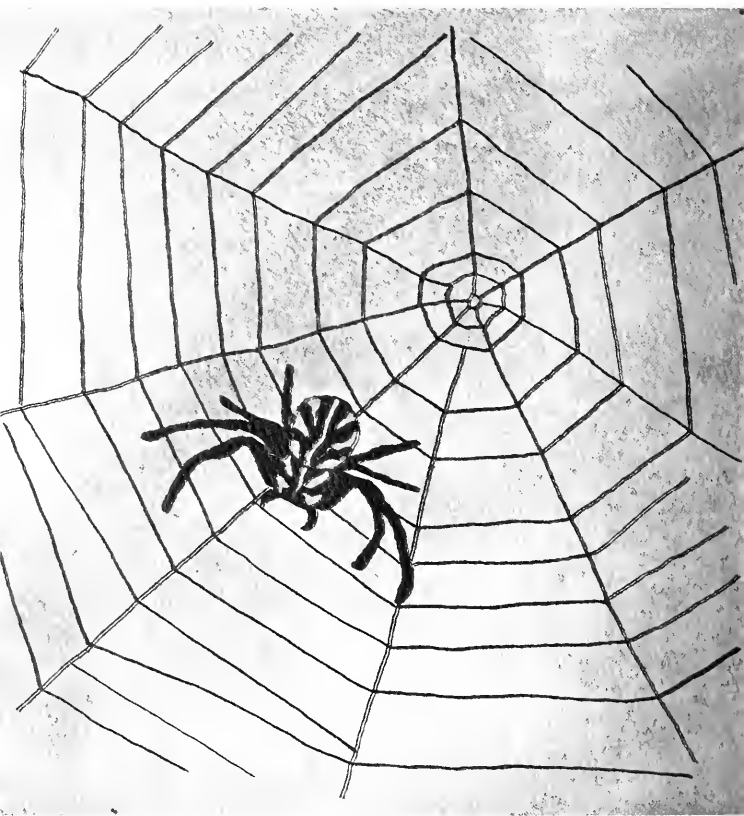




75

Gleaner



# GLEANER

Established 1901

Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture  
Doylestown, Pa. 18901

Winter 1974-1975

## EDITOR

Ana Simon

### Typing

Frank Holmes  
Ana Simon

### Art

Lynn Johnstone  
Chris Shimko  
Gayle Berger

### Photography

Darlene Grebe  
James Forsythe

### Layout

George Shimko  
Ana Simon  
Frank Holmes

### Faculty Advisors

George Keys  
Edward O'Brien, Jr.  
John Mertz

## STUDENT CONTRIBUTORS

George Shimko  
James Forsythe

Ana Simon  
Michael Schnatz

Chris Shimko  
Joseph G. Lalli

*The Gleaner* is published during the scholastic year by the students of Delaware Valley College of Doylestown, Pennsylvania. *The Gleaner* is a student publication, and the opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of the *Gleaner* staff or administration. Neither the college nor staff will assume responsibility for plagiarism unknowingly occurring within.



*Our flag's been raised  
both new and torn  
Since long ago  
this nation was born.  
Two hundred steps  
etched, well worn  
This spiraling caravan  
continues on.*



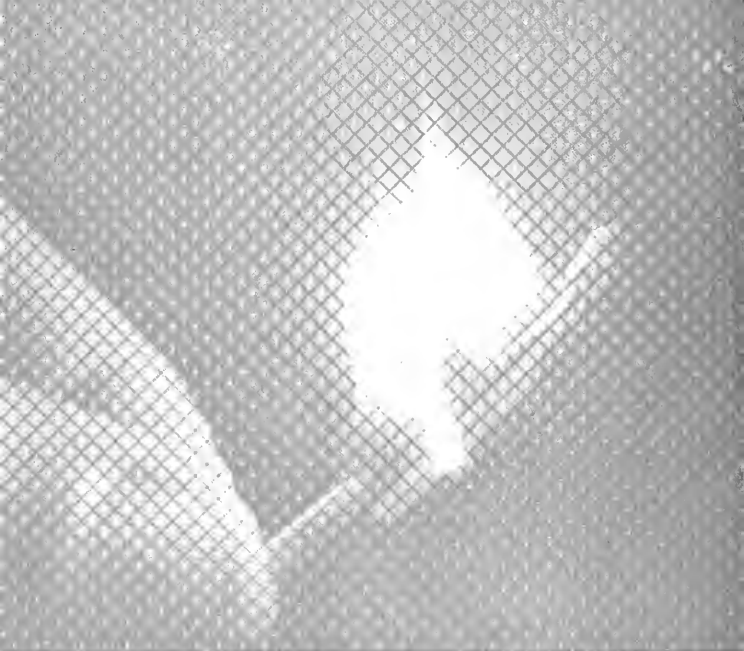
*The mushroom whispering. . .*

*Alone, Alone – I grow alone  
And make and break as one  
I take the dead and give you life  
I've a beauty and purpose all my own  
I am needed – that is why I'm here!  
Yet I – I myself am deadly  
Sitting in this world I destroy and –  
create.*

*I am the mushroom of life.*

*You're like a dream that I remember  
In fall. . .when morning glory overrun  
the rose dried hedge. . .  
like a visage of bright memory.  
And bird flocks waft together  
in migratory drifts.  
When air grows cool, then sharp  
And spiders spin their grass webs. . .  
All this beauty does reflect but you  
You. . . like a dream that I remember.*

*Ana Simon*



## *who says it's wrong*

*i went to town thee other day  
and at a news stand i saws thees man  
he was reading outlawed contreband  
i says to thees man I say man don't you know that's Wrong  
he says to me he says who says it's Wrong  
so i says who says it's Right  
so that man walked away  
then i meself started to page through that pornographic  
material  
so thees high class elderly gentile man says son don't  
you know thats Wrong  
i says who are you to say it's Wrong  
i'm the reverend john hoover he says, then says its  
agin*



God just smiled  
 then thee man wit thee wicker basket says that was  
 Wrong  
 so i says who says it's Wrong and he says who says it's  
 Right  
 so i walked away without me acorn

Michael Schmatz

*Death's Rainbow*

*Yellow sun glowing in the field  
Blues running to the greens  
Red spills on the ground  
Orange sunset is cast over all. . . .  
War's Kaleidoscope has come again.*

*George Shimko*



*Everything around  
me  
Reflects the time we've spent  
together  
The sun, moon, stars, springwaters and  
winter crystals.  
My life is mirrored by the seasons and my  
thoughts of  
you.*

*George Shimko*



## *Sunday Mornings*

*The crunch of the cinders as I cross the tracks  
I heard it many times as I now think back.*

*Glistening grass from gold sunlight.  
Some Daffodils with petals bright.  
The arbor stands gaunt on the hill,  
With branches naked and barren still.*

*Timothy bouncing in the waves.  
of April's breeze which fills the trees.  
The steady humming of the bees  
sounding like endless lisping "Z" 's.*

*The muddy road I walk along  
My treads keep rythm to a song,  
Which deep inside, the beat I know.  
The Mockingbirds rap to and fro  
looking for quarry high and low.*

*I see the barn now.  
What a rustic scene. . .field stone walls and weathered wood.*

*Round hard snouts with beady eyes  
Cloven feet scurry with surprise.  
Burley Aberdeens walk with lengthy strides.  
Hooks and pins under glossy hides.*

*The damp marsh, yet, grey and brown  
with Herefords lying on the ground.  
Leghorn, Yorkshire, Maine Anjou,  
Cheviot, Hampshire, and a Suffolk ewe.*

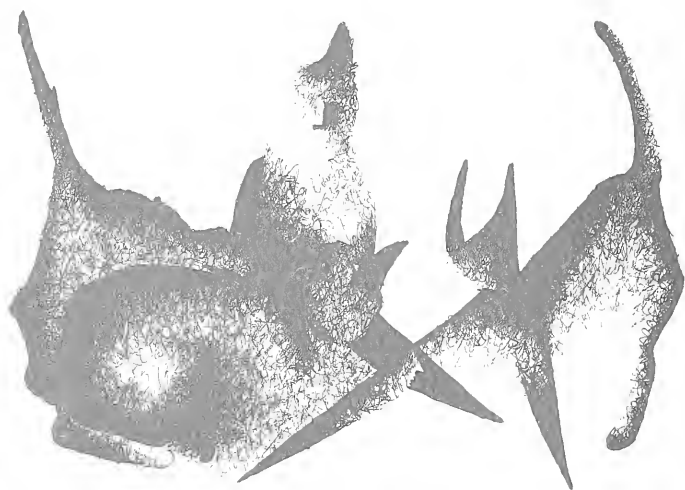
*Like the cat perched beneath the canopy  
I hope this walk will always have access for me.*

*Joseph G. Lalli*



*Lovers love cuts so deep,  
carving their names, leaving tree to weep.  
Autumn comes and lone lover  
returns  
To tree cut memories, on the world  
turns.  
Slowly loves memories drift away. . .  
One year has passed since that day.  
In different forest, in a love so new. . .  
Old forgotten tree,  
only one seed grew.*

*James Forsyth*





### *Little Glass Animal*

*The inner stress increasing  
Cracking once more  
The common glass animal. . .  
Worn around her neck. . .  
As close as I will ever come  
To her burning sapphire heart.  
So near. . .yet held by a chain. . .  
    So eternally far. . .  
    So impossibly far.*

*El.*

*Aspen leaves. . . trembling like my heart  
in a light breeze.*

*Shade falling. . . green and grey  
Dappled on an overcast day. . .  
like my mind.*

*Aspen leaves. . . rattling in rough air  
demanding as my love.*

*Wet breeze. . . portending pale rain. . .  
Aspen leaves falling*

*midst*

*my*

*dream.*

*Ana Simon*

*Railroads and crossroads can stand  
so silently  
Watching, if not daring, our hearts to  
become free.  
Cold steel and silence, even in dark  
of night  
Will never shake us from this love  
we hold so tight.*

*It isn't often that one may find  
That special person who can ease your mind.  
Everyone's dreamt, and dreaming can be real.  
But all too well we know, being is to feel.*

*We've been to a place where our hearts  
were so tranquil  
With the sun in our faces, our eyes  
very still.  
This place of which I speak, this place we know  
so well  
Is not the source of our joy, but is  
where our love dwells.*

*Kevy*





## September Love

*They are entangled in each other.*

*They love each other with all the love that each has. She could not live without him. . .he would not survive without her.*

*It is at the break of day when they renew their love, it is at the end of day when they are both silent.*

*But it is in the morning, with the singing of birds and the stirring of life that they are one in each other. For in the morning, they both perform their acts of love. In the morning he touches her like a man touches a woman in the first and final stages of love. For in the morning she opens to him and he to her.*

*They are beautiful together. . .*

*the morning glory and the sun.*

George Shimko



